

Squared-Table Thinkers Groan In Dragon Chase

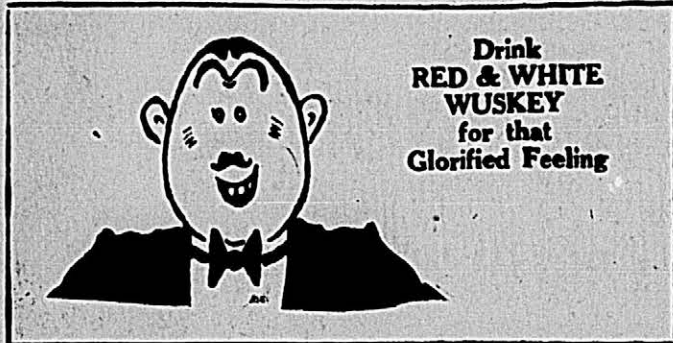
THE FLAMES of civil war burst out in the breeding-room of the Bunion as the Chest Club, long smouldering at the lack of attention accorded them in the Mongrel Daily, rose up finally in open rebellion. Seizing pawns, dragons and every opportunity, they shifted, veered and pounded their way through the massed ranks of the enemy but finally succumbed to superior numbers, and collapsed utterly spent on the ground. Never before has such co-ordinated play been shown by this club and the intricate man-

oeuvres they performed drew rounds of applause from the opposing ranks.

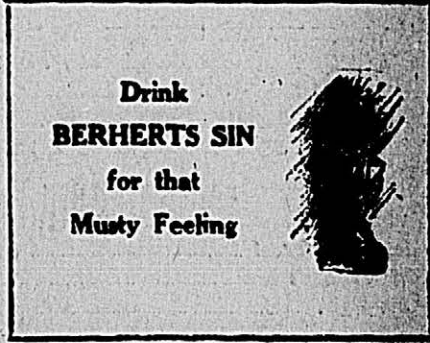
The incident was precipitated by two of the younger and less placid members, who riled up when a move was recorded as knight to queen three, when in reality the queen had three knights with the King. Rising in wrath they gorged the offending reporter with contumelious look, but the victim's colleagues rallied to the cause and a pitched battle resulted. Cheeks paled and hearts failed

as brother locked brother in mortal combat and only the arrival of several stalwarts of the Law brought a semblance of order once again.

The unfortunate tragedy is likely to have far-reaching repercussions for several radicals have insisted that conditions were aggravated by the laxity of the Students' Council. An early investigation is being demanded and the likelihood is that several members of the executive will be asked to resign.



MonGrel Daily



VOL. 3,1416 cu. mm. — No. 7143

MONGREAL, TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1934

Priceless

GOVERNORS MOOT NEW PRINCIPLE

ALLAN CUP STOLEN BY INVADING RED HORDE

Consternation Comes After Announcement

Populace Aghast After News Of Decision On New Principle

An official statement was issued yesterday by the office of the Board of Governors, after a special session which lasted far into the night. The statement is as follows:

We, the Board of Governors of this University, do hereby proclaim a new principle to govern the students, and their selection in future. Henceforth academic and scholastic attainment will be the principle most influential in admitting matriculants to study courses at MonGrel.

Signed: The Bored of Governors

Travels Among The Savage Erysipelas

Our Special Correspondent Gives Dirt On Situation At Risk Of Life And Limb

By Our Annie

Discovery



One of the finds in the Ethiopian Jungles of Erysipelas, snapped by our Annie.

(See page 3 for interesting picture)

Innovation For Squeathem

Funnle Squeathem and Prof. Fire-us MacKilium, co-chairman of the Slayers' Department announce that Moishie Hall has been selected as the locale of their next production, which will be "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," a short 32 act play. The first performance will start next Monday, at 7.30 a.m. and is scheduled to run continuously till Friday afternoon. A repeat performance will be given only by special request.

An innovation over previous productions will be attempted, in that no attempt will be made to sell tickets. The box office will remain closed, and all those who wish to see the play, are advised to get tickets for The Pink and Stewed Revue instead.

The cast will be chosen after the first performance, and any one with acting ability need not apply. Funnle Squeathem, who is in charge of production, left yesterday for Bermuda for an extended visit, in order to murder what is rumoured to be a publicity manager. As he boarded the cattle boat, he was heard to whisper hoarsely: "Crime don't pay!"

A last minute decision of the executive revealed that the play "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" will not be presented, but that in its stead Thorne Tonne Brier will give an illustrated lecture on "Ships and how to draw them." All those in the same boat would regret attending.

With a sigh of relief at returning to the hear of desk, I gently seated myself, for the place where one sits down the most was just recovering from an injury painful and embarrassing. I had tripped gaily out of the Chemistry Bldg., . . . yes tripped . . . down the steps. After a drink of Mr. Gentleman's worthily famous gin I was prepared to fall down any stairs, to get another drink of that beverage which he keeps for medicinal purposes only.

I leaned back in my swivel chair (all good authors do that), lit my pipe, placed my feet on the wastepaper basket nearby . . . and waited developments. My informants, the Dirt Dispersers, were due at any moment. They had some information which they offered to part with for the nominal sum of two scalps (E. Carter's and C. R. Gross). At last they appeared, and on payment of the requested forelocks, divulged the startling news that if I were desirous of a "scoop," to go to the land of the Erysipelas where I would be the first white man to have penetrated that hitherto unknown district. I paid them five coppers in return for which they gave me the names of the three chiefs, triplets, who bore the appellations of "See-all," "Hear-all," and "Tell-nothing." They admitted they weren't acquainted with the last of the trio, however.

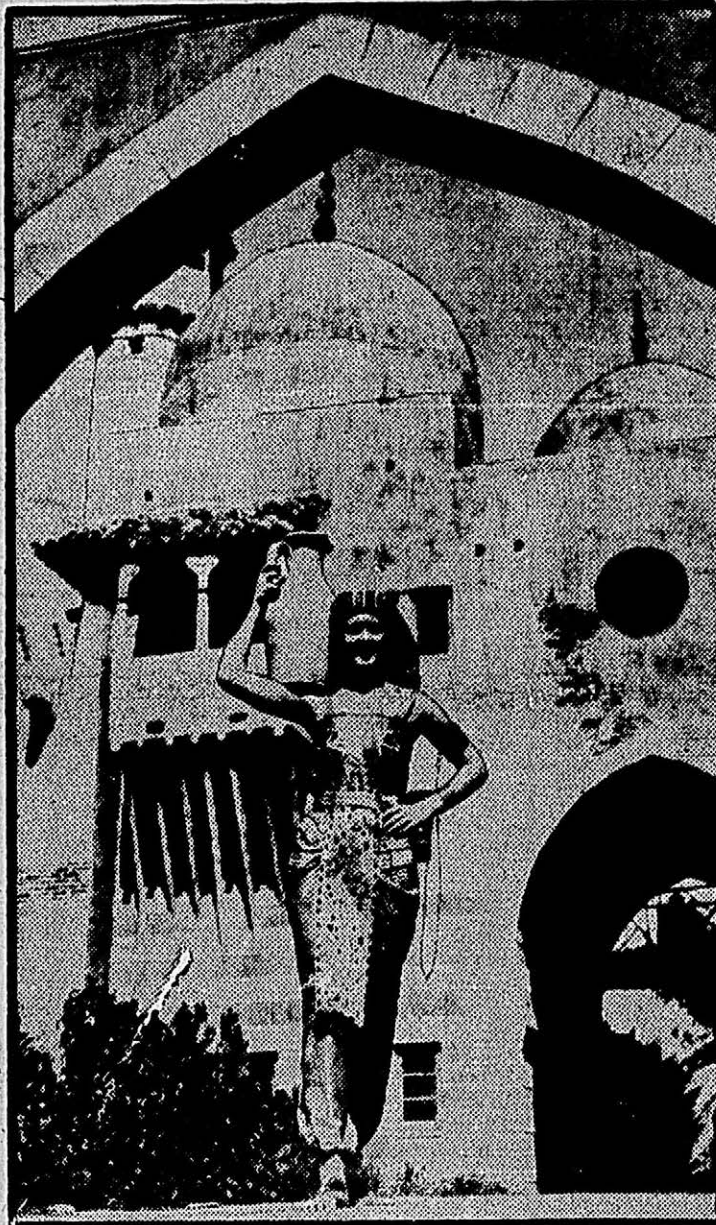
I limped manfully over to my hard-headed editor, told him of my intention to surprise him with a "good" story for a change. He kindly bade me to visit Lucius, the fallen angel, but I told him that we had agreed by mutual consent to postpone the conference for as long a time as possible. I picked up my compact, (not a powder compact, but a compact bundle containing my typewriter, water pistol and two-in-one shoe polish (ADV.)). I was now ready to brave the dangers that might befall on the trip to Erysip as I called them for short.

As I climbed to the top of the hill, at the summit of which was the place, my steel nerve was slightly fractured as I realized the dangers I was about to undergo, to merely bring news to the insatiable outward under worlds. I had narrowly escaped with my life from the broomrattle game, and Death that grim spectre had asked for another date. It seemed that I was going the "rendezvous" earlier than I had expected.

Finally I reached my destination. I dismounted, and after smartly slapping the hide of my water buffalo, he took the hint, (he was smarting too), and ran off. I was as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, and nary a drop to drink. A man, the first I had seen since I had left home to go to the Chicago Fair of '33, quickly sped past me, and in a few moments the figure returned, washing himself with a well-known brand of soap and

(continued on page four)

Toot In Coming



The main reason for the scoreless game at Quebec last week. Antoinette may have Egyptian ancestry, but she kept the Red Team blushing. And what was Robert (the coach) busy about all day?

Hockey Ticket Mystery Bared

Following a week of investigation, the Daily can state definitely, that the shameful way in which the students of MonGrel University were treated in reference to tickets to the recent hockey game, is in no way the fault of the ice-palace moguls.

The whole blame in the matter can be laid directly at the door of the officials of the Red and White Re-phooey, who, realizing that there would be hockey games on the evenings when performances of the Revue would be put on in moist Hall, bought up tickets for the other games, in order that students, disgusted at the way they were being treated, would not continue to support the hockey team (God Bless Them), and go to the Revue instead.

Following the confession of the Publicity Manager of the Re-phooey, these facts were brought to light. He stated, when confronted with the evidence, that he and his cohorts had cornered the market in hockey tickets, and had proceeded to scalp them outside the Forum. In this way they had achieved two ends: (1) They had made a good deal of money, which helped swell the drinking fund of the Committee, and (2) they had made the students feel that, if they couldn't get tickets for hockey games, they might as well kill time by seeing the Re-Phooey.

When asked how they got hold of all the tickets, the culprit explained with pride that he had gone up the first time in his hat and coat and

Shtop Pressh!

Tour-onto, Feb. 30.—(G.Y.P.)—Special from A. B. Quack-Rain of the Farsity—Thirty-six thousand Farsity men and one college student were arrested in a raid on the campus ping-pong joint late last night. The authorities suspected Communist influence. This suspicion was born out, when a number of red balls were seized in the raid. It is feared that MonGrel may be implicated in the embroglio.

bought tickets. He had then taken off his coat outside, gone in again, and bought more tickets. Going downstairs, he had taken off his glasses, gone into the office and bought more tickets, and then, going up once again in his shirt-sleeves, and claiming that he was a Daily reporter, he managed to conceal his identity sufficiently to enable him to get hold of another batch of tickets.

Commission is being appointed to look into the matter, and to devise a method whereby such a system of organized gyping will not be allowed to happen again.

FLESH!

Etaoin Shrdlu! Etaoin Shrdlu! Heh! Heh! This is one one you. This is not Jewish, we are just giving the typesetters a rest. God knows they need it.

Executive Ousted In Clean-up Move

Labour Club Split By Bombshell In Midst — Claim Unrest In Campus Circles — Feeling Tense — Confusion Rife

A bombshell was thrown into the midst of local Labour Club Circles, early today, when Snoogene Horsey, plenipotentiary extraordinary led a clean up campaign in person, and ousted the entire local executive. A state of extreme confusion now exists, and rumours of all descriptions are circulating. When interviewed by a MonGrel reporter this morning Mr. Horsey declined to make any public statement, and was in fact extremely abusive. He advised the reporter, in terse, if ungrammatical terms, to take himself elsewhere, or someone would take him.

The reporter thereupon got in touch with Lied Rainfalls, head of the ousted executive and asked him what he was going to do about the matter. "What are we going to do," replied he with a bitter smile, "You just wait and see. Maybe we will join 'Nazi' Hoocannan, and become members of the ski brigade. Ski if we care."

Apostles Of Ritz Cry Havoc At Annual Tea-Bingle

At the last revival meeting of the MonGrel branch of the Oxbridge Snoop Movement, otherwise y-dept "Apostles of the Ritz" highly sensational disclosures were made by Hector McPrigge, Beer & Pretzels '37, local leader of the group.

With downcast eyes, and cheeks blushing in the exhilarating sense of shame the speaker revealed that he had deliberately run counter to his mother's orders, and had NOT worn red flannels all winter. Pandemonium broke loose, but order was restored when the speaker added: ". . . but I have repented my sin!"

Every member then took a turn of confessing his sins, while the audience leaned forward in breathless anticipation. Proceedings were enlivened by the reading of "The Fall of Susie the Stenog," while all present admitted that such shocking degradation left them with a sense of having been purged of all guilt.

The meeting then broke up into small groups to examine photographs which are reputed to have a somewhat artistic appeal. The purging influence of these photos was evidenced by the fact that all present refused to blush. After singing several unpublished verses of "Mademoiselle From Armetieres," the meeting broke up in utter disorder.

Philology Booted By Damp Members

Secretary Caught Raising Unwarranted Capers — Almost Mobbed

Heated discussion last night at the 71st annual meeting to be held this year of the MonGrel Damp Club almost disrupted the calm demeanor of O. Howie Bux, the president. The argument which lasted two and a half hours after the refreshments grew cold centred about the mispronunciation of the word "filatelist" by the secretary G. Heesdum when the latter was reading the minutes. After the initial excitement had died down, and Heesdum had received proper medical treatment from the members present who claimed to have taken "first aid" the debate settled down to earnest.

The original agenda for the evening, the comparison of Damps belonging to members, was set aside abruptly by the president for the more important business. (For the benefit of ignorant stooges, a Damp is a mobile slimy red oral projection, used by certain members of the genus homo to apply moisture to the back of a postage stamp in order to stick the latter into a book where it will do no good and will not get anything anywhere. This type of individual is known as a "Filatelist," however that is pronounced.

(continued on page four)

ture to the back of a postage stamp in order to stick the latter into a book where it will do no good and will not get anything anywhere. This type of individual is known as a "Filatelist," however that is pronounced.

The meeting divided itself into two camps, the "Penults" and the "Antepenults." Enough accents were thrown about to make a French essay look pale. As each side pronounced the word, they stamped their feet to emphasise the syllable being stressed. This caused a double reverberation to echo through the building at every word. Information came to the meeting at about two a.m. that the oscillations had been duly recorded on the seismograph at Atlowa, and having satisfied themselves with the impression they made, and of the likely effect it will have upon the future history of Canadian terrestrial tremours, the Club was restored to order.

The now revived secretary was asked to call the Mongrel office to have a deporter look the word up in the Oxbridge Incise Fictionary. The secretary then reported that "There ain't no such word."

SOMETIME MERKETS

THE market opened today with a strong overtone in the futures. The golds moved up and down in the meantime. McGurli reds were strong on the veracity at the close, while the whites were poor, through providing a rally at the close.

MonGrel Blurbs were a feature of the occasion and provided entertainment for all concerned. After the rums on the floor for that mayhem was committed at the function the market was wild. Twenty four dozen were the high during the session and the session on their floor ended with traders inactive. Several leading features ended by closing out including Toots Fiferred "A," while Halfpennys were not traded in to any great extent.

Unyun cats were to the fore in active consumption by the members on the floor or on the table and there was an interesting rally at the close.

Dividends were declared by Un-named "B" during the active part of the trading. While dividends were passed from time to time.

Philosophicals Hold Hectic Tearfest

Last night at 2.40 a.m., the Philolopsical Society held a meeting in the Pig and Whistle, under the sign of the Four. The discussion was opened by J. R. MacBabe, Arts '74, who spoke on the "Race Against Betaphysics." Morgen Wilford Bloombugs was in the head stall. Stein refreshments were served. The meeting was honored by the presence of Professors Charlie W. Wendel Jr. and A. McCleaning.

MacBabe opened and closed his speech by quotations from the Ethio-plan philophsor, Hees Nutts, in the original tongue (Loud applause by the audience who demanded more Ethio-plan. MacBabe apologized and said he knew not whereof he spoke). He pointed out that betaphysics now is only words, was words and will be words. He said that the outside world was impossible and that the inside world was impossible and that all worlds were impossible. He qualified his statement, however, by saying that this was the "best of all possible worlds." (Loud cheers and rapping of the table.)

"A cistern," McBabe went on, "is only a way of looking at the world (the best of all possible worlds)". At this moment four members had to be forcibly ejected because of rowdiness. McBabe based his main argument which the reporter couldn't make out on a book by the Finnish Philosopher at Bambridge University, Wildesapins (either that or Littlewine). The argument has something to do with operations, cymbals and novels.

McBabe sat down with loud cheers. An emotion was immediately put forward and seconded and passed that the philolopsical department at MonGrel resign. The professors rose and immediately tendered their resignation. The society then proposed its own break-up which was immediately passed. The motion was the result of McBabe's speech which so effectively proved the uselessness of philology and betaphysics. The meeting officially broke up with the singing of the "Internationale" and a Bantu love-song.

At 5 o'clock this morning the president was found under a table and burped out to the inquiring reporter that "our resignations were the only possible thing we could do, to show our appreciation to the speaker." After this, the reporter could understand nothing further than the following: "Wok-Wok. Kyak Igloo." and concluded that the president had lapsed into his native tongue. —Edging

The Worst Two Centsworth in Canada

Vol. 3.1416 cu. mm. No. 7148
Mongreal, Tuesday, March 20, 1934

So we're going to give you a break and leave it at this.

Yours,
Dips DUNG.

COL. BOVRIL.
(Freshettes, especially Daily freshettes, are dumb. Confidential Ed. Note.)

From Le Slooch de Trois Spitoones de las Riviere: Jan Kosiusco's brilliant handling of the theme has led me to plagiarize something of what he said.

(Ed. Note: Shortage of space compels us to leave out the remaining 79 pages of this column. But it's goodstuff. For special reference see Men's Room in Union Basement.)

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Or can his eyes be an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what germs are found?
—Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Does the calf of his leg become hungry at times
And devour the corn of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
Where's the shade from the palm of his hand?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm hanged if I understand!
—A SHY INQUIRITOR.

Cinema de Paris
 Une tres belle representation. Why should a Frenchman work on the McGill Daily if he can't get free tickets? Yeah! Why? & % & £

Or these of Rordon Kúrne (a poet imbued with the
mysticism of Swedenborg, and Ledermannheim
Krants the great Dane) from "Eppedrems"
"The nightmares and flying-mares of my divine
afiatús
Are champing at their itty-bits within my swollen
head,
And each one has a rider of supernatural status"
Who suddenly turns out to be (My God!) my God!"
But greatest of all there are these lines from
Yumpy Karshall, hailed by the critics as the rising
star of Canadian poetry, a pure poet who has out-
done Fraulein Leibfräumlích Holstein, of Schleswig.
Fraulein Schlatsbuttoks, who wrote "Das Skorcher-
spoodie," (English translation, "Hot Dog," Viking

Are not all sensible people, including even the readers of this *Mongrel*, aware of the frightful, not to say pernicious events which have just disturbed this horror-stricken cosmos of ours and threatened the peace heretofore reigning on this or any other continent? At least apparently, since a few local wars may have escaped our notice, and it should be noted that this column will not deign take any official notice whatever of any warlike activities if the casualties are below the set percentage of one-hundredth of the population which may be involved, not counting of course women, who cannot fight a damn and children who are a nuisance anyway in a well regulated battle.

What was I saying, when some one interrupted me?—Oh! yes! I was telling that a Pole did hit Anna. Dare you ask who is Anna? Well every tax-paying yet surviving citizen of this populous metropolis of ours which is a jewel in the Crown of the mighty Empire over which the moon ever sets,—except every 28 days here and there and more or less in pursuance of orders from the Chase's Almanack—every damn one of them (I refer to the miserable citizens) ought to know that Anna is or was according to last reports (abett unconfirmed) the discarded or otherwise disposed of sweetheart of one of the eunuchs of the dictatorial Court of the Supreme Hitler of the Imperialistic Socialistic-Warlike-Peacelic country surrounded by the predatory Belgium, the excitable Netherlands, the menacing Poleski, the powerful Tyrol and the Royalistic Gaul.

There was a Pole who was not a pianist, nor a drunkard, nor an inhabitant of the Arctic regions, nor an electoral urn, nor a telephone linesman, who did with malice aforethought and without colour of right or any other colour, except that his face was white with a few freckles thrown in. There was a Pole, says I, who dared slap or otherwise apply a rude hand (manus in iscin) on the face of the beer-fattened cheek of the redoubtable Anna. The motive behind this dastardly act are obscure. The general consensus of opinion centers on the fact that the Pole's feelings had been somewhat ruffled by an earlier sudden and energetic application of a full-quart bottle by the charming and peaceable Anna on the Pole's aggrieved cranium. This was a trivial event in itself for Warsaw. But the consequences, benighted readers, the consequences!

The Supreme Hitter who naturally cannot tolerate any other hitter than himself had to take up the cudgels on behalf of the injured party. It was considered that a slavic cranium has been used to hits for centuries but a germanic face was sacred. Is not the Supreme Hitter obliged to say and do such a lots of things daily to save his daily face! He consequently asked the Pöblish Government to deliver the culprit to a Nazi tribunal to be tortured, questioned, quartered, hung and burnt several times. The Poles wanted to try the criminal and offered to torture him in advance and extract a few finger nails and cut a few toes; but the Supreme Hitter was adamant and insisted on these side-tits pleasures being reserved to him to save the feelings of an outraged Allemania, especially those feelings felt in or about the Corrish Polidior which is an insult anyway to mankind.

Polski will refuse and will call upon Gaul and the **Petite Entente** to sustain her. The Entente will of course disagree half and half, pros and cons. Gaul will bristle its moustache in the direction of Berlin. Britannia will egg on Gaul in order to quench the recently manifested desire of Allemagne to get its stolen Colonies back and try to keep out from long enough of the fray to sell its idle or useless guns and ammunition, but will finally decide after months of deliberation that she had a sacred duty to stand by its pact to protect Belgium, and will join the fun. Besides she has so many unemployed. Italia will hesitate. Shall she join Gaul and drop her chances on Tunisia? Shall she join the side which harbours Yugoslavia which has still some territory Italia was not allowed to steal as yet? I know what will happen, but I shall not divulge the fact. Other small countries like San-Marino, Canada Andorra and SanSalvador may decide to keep their feet cold. Quien sabe? We may have another warrior like the late Sam in need of **glory . . .**

Dr. Don Young was the coach of the football squad and proudly boasted that when one of the Erysip started to go, no one could stop him. After watching the team in action I wondered why anyone would want to halt progress. Bob Douglas (good old B.C.I.) spouted legal rulings concerning the foundation of corporations, but not for publication. He regretted the untimely demise of the McGill Daily, which was due to the over-activity of the afore-mentioned Dirt Dishers, East Wing was represented, and all impression of proper sobriety was maintained in that corner. In this corner we had Red McLennan of pylamas reknown, Margaret Miller was amusing the crowd with one of her justly admired monologues, and Lolo Cooke opened the boys' eyes with a few terepichean measures of the can-can. Frank Gorman stopped in to "look things over," while Walter Markham was surrounded by members of the Players' Club who suspected that he had done

New Energy in Tempting Palatable Form

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For 1934-35

Nominations for the positions of President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary and Athletics Manager are hereby called for. All nominations must be in writing and signed by at least 10 undergraduates of the School of Commerce and must be in the hands of the Secretary, Laird Watt, before noon on Thursday, March 22nd.

The President and Secretary to be from the 3rd Year.

The Vice-President and Athletics Manager to be from the 2nd Year.

Treasurer is to be from the 1st Year.

Elections will be held on Tuesday, March 27th from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. in the Arts Building.

section of the McGill Annual

A sensational exposé of the inside doings at McGill

Sign for your copy today

IN THE LOBBY

Back To Truth
Is MonGrel Cry

The "Back to truth" movement has made itself felt at Mongrel University. Attracted by the pat-pat-pat of strangely shod feet along the halls of the Snarts Building, your correspondent hid himself in waiting behind one of the four marble columns that adorn the entrance hall.

Patience was rewarded. There hove into sight an apparition dressed in flowing garb, sandals, and a wreath about his head. "Jumping Jupiter, what is this?" I cried, but not so loudly that he could hear me. Forthwith the reportorial nose was poking its searching tip down the aisles of Moisha Hall, close by. No play—no dress rehearsal—not even an English number being unluckily propounded. I shadowed the suspect.

Clatter, clatter, clatter went the sandals over the marble. Stealthily I followed in their wake until after mounting two flights of stairs. I found my quarry turn off towards an open door behind which I perceived a room full of students—some of them my own college cronies.

My sense of duty bade me inquire further. I flashed my press ticket before the eyes of the men, just as he was about to step into the room. I proceeded him, and to my horror discovered that I alone was dressed in the conventional garb of today. Every other jack of them was dressed in the manner of this man who had first attracted my attention.

I recalled a line from Vergil, "Concloere omnes intemperate ora tenebantur." (All were hushed and fixed their gaze intent upon him). In a flash the truth dawned. The Classical Department of Mongrel University was going whole hog in this new truth movement. While inculcating the Latin and Greek culture of their ancient civilization they were garbing themselves in toga, sandals and wreath, on order to achieve as complete an authentic atmosphere as possible. Red to the ears, at being so prominent in so distinguished a gathering, your correspondent beat a very hasty retreat, but not before he took the opportunity of telling the professor, for such he was, that he should have conducted his course at the Greek Doric protico that enshrouded the entrance to the Snarts Building.

Executive
Ousted In
Clean-Up
Move

(continued from page one)

for two seats in the amphitheatre, we gave him one seat in the circle, and standing room. Some fon, eh keed?

Nevertheless, in spite of the seeming state of quiescence on the campus there is a feeling of unrest, of anxiety. Colonel Bovine of Pink and White (ame and his Aide-de-camp, are prepared for trouble. The C.O.T.C. is prepared to come to mortal grips with the members of its eternal foe... the ski platoon have their skis greased, so that they can get quicker action... get to earth faster... and the whole atmosphere of the establishment is one of firing of enthusiasm. In deed, the mongrel reporter nearly had his pants shot away when he was spied getting some hot news through the keyhole. When the reporter was trailed before 'Nazi Hooannan', he stated in ecstatic tones, "Sufficent unto the day is the evil thereof." "We will smit the Amaliktes hip and thigh."

Isadore Duncan



Above is the latest photograph of Isadore Duncan, who gave a recital last night at the McGill Union to a select audience composed of the Terpsichorean and Thespian Clubs. We. 2098. No reasonable offer refused.

NERTS SISS

For Sale:—Twenty-four dozen bottles... empty. Apply at the city scavenger department, or any other place that you can think of.

For sale:—An assorted amount of ex-Daily editors and other chiselers, to be obtained by calling at the Daily office. Do not confuse this line-up with that of the graduates starting at 8.30 p.m. this morning. The Daily is always with us.

For adoption:—One lonely Pooch. pore little thing, nobody wants it, and nobody can do anything with it. Tough luck eh keed!

SYAM Note:—Mousour Hoochnoog of the Yuurupen pepe gang is going to address all the little boys and gals of the sassiety somewhere and sometime. The pore sucker is trying to promote some kind of a fund for the starving squareheads. Dam chisalers!

MORNING CORFEE

Pepper-up for the morning after the night before will be distributed at the Debility Hall from 7.09 a.m. to 7.30 a.m. to Collich-pops exhibiting a 'angover. Czardj will be tremendous and will be used to help swerve rychuss stooges from the Einsteinian patch.

A TORY CLUB

The houthly smooching of the De-serve-a-Tory Club will be held next at the stroke of Little Ben. Guests bored at previous get-togethers are particularly welcome. A snort consort will be pursued by Denching.

ASTOR COMICAL SASSIETY

Moving pitchre phannus and other star gazers will gather after midnight for a preview of the Baley Komet which is putting on a speshull performance for the Mongrell Chapter. Freshettes only are invited. All other men have been provided for.

LOST

One good conscience under the influence of b—r. Jes' see what happened? Ann, will she be sore? Finder keep and oblige, Slaveboy.

SASSIETY NUTISS

Last night at 3635 Durocher apt 14, the residence of Major Fargpin, a burping bee was held. The uninvited guests were Kat Sheeffits, Moisha Gloomfield, Jack MacBurrp and Von Soupho. After disproving the possible existence of Time And Space by cutting paper dolls, tea was served; the Major doing the honours.

2ND SASSIETY NUTISS

A marriage of more than usual interest took place today in Mongrel, when Emmiline, oldest daughter of Walter P. Kryslor, was united in marriage with William F (r) ancy-us Carlie, who is rumored to be a paying stooge at Mongriell.

The bride was given away by her father, who was heard to whisper that he didn't have any use for second hand busses anyhow. Carrying the shot-gun, was the life-long pal of the groom, See-more Smells, who was attired in the formal garb of a service station man.

Going away, Mrs. Carrie stalled at first, but after due coaxing she stopped being cranky, and started by herself. The newly weds will honey-moon at destination unknown, to avoid installment collectors, who may, or may not, cause trouble.

POISONALS

JOHNNIE! 1—Please come home at once. Everything forgiven. Mother gone, but took the brass-bed for debts. Pa raising merry Hell. Little Johnnie wants boots and shirt. Come quick—Heartbroken, Mrs. Johnnie Narter.

ARE YOU EMBARRASSED?—Do your toes twitch? Have you an inferiority complex? Do you sometimes tell white lies? Do you get tired of study? Is life monotonous? Do you dream of great adventure, and great love? Are you embarrassed? Well, you ought to be.

WIDOW WITH \$45,000—Would like to meet widow with \$45,000... Ob-ject: To meet widow with \$45,000. Anything considered.

WANTED, by 50,000 McGill Men. One good Gymnasium in vicinity of Pino and University. Will take in exchange for slightly rusted statue complete with removable (?) residence; Stephen Leacock complete with 3,000-word speech; one champion hockey-team (closed to the public).

Nudist Colony
Plans Completed

Stooges Sock Prexy Address-
es Admirers

Establishment of a nudist colony at MonGrell University is well on its way. About 2,891 students were present at the opening meeting yesterday; the remaining three being correspondence students sent photographs of themselves in appropriate disarray. "Lawn" Showers, president-elect of the Stooges Sock, was chairman for the afternoon, and addressed his admirers from the bowl of the Statchoo in the Hollow.

"The Back to Truth movement is catching the world by the pants," yelled Showers (he was offered a pair of braces). "We can no more escape being enmeshed, and so we must be philogological. The bare facts will come uppermost, and the world will be able to see for itself what is now hidden so grossly from its eyes." The fountain was turned on at this moment for two minutes 33 seconds flat.

The calm demeanor of the freshettes appealed to the chairman, who devoted a special part of his discourse to them. "You are young and innocent! What good does all this hiding from the truth do you! In the past you have grown up shy, reserved and pretty. The very freshmen of your own year have been overwhelmed by your coyness. Come! Throw off that mantle of deception. Be upright and honourable." His remark was greeted gleefully by the Alphabetical babies who rushed over to his camp with gleaming apathy in their eyes. "Here we are!" they cried. "We want to go back to the first principles of nature!"

At this point, owing to the frenzy with which he was promoting his cause, two buttons flew off from his shirt-front, exposing a couple of stray whisks of hair from his manly chest. Blushing furiously, Showers called for an adjournment of the meeting to help him out of his embarrassing position.

Late reports early this morning indicate that all is irreducibility for the next meeting which will be held in the near future—dress optional.

MONGREL STRAW VOTE

This is the straw vote that broke the camel's back. Students of Mongrel University are asked to answer all questions no or yes.

- (1) Do you like to get your name in the "Dirt Col?"
- (2) Do you belong to the C. O. Tee-Hee—if so, shame!
- (3) Should the Mongrel ping-pong team be sent to Boston?
- (4) Did you fill out the Annual Ballot?—if so, shame!
- (5) Should Mongrel win the Allan Cup—Or haven't we enough mugs around here anyhow?
- (6) Does beer infuse you with carefree jollity?
- (7) Did you ever see a dream walking?—if so, shame!

These ballots when filled are to be stuffed into the ballot boxes specially provided in the lobby of the Arts Building. A Mongrel in attendance will be there to prevent you.

Internatichonal News Surfeits.
Sports Dispatches

BERLIN—Hitler announces plans to revamp 1936 German Olympic team

Mariene Deitrich, in retaliation, refuses to stop wearing pants

MONTREAL—Major Blorbes finds humna skull in Forum after McGill hockey game, and sends it to Ottawa. Liberals protest on constitutional grounds, demanding formal election.

HOLLYWOOD—Mae West claims she does setting up exercises every morning with a couple of dumbbells.

NEW YORK—Walter Winchell commits suicide after failure to discover who the dumbbells are.

MONCTON—A special shipment of knee pads arrived her today for the Hawks' hockey team. They will be worn on the inside of the leg, facing each other, when Moncton meets McGill tomorrow night in Montreal.

ROME—Primo Carnera, in special cablegram to Dally, states, "I'ma swipa dees beega cream puff Moxbaer in de puss, an' poof, I'ma ween."

CASINO DE PAREE—Maxie Baer, in exclusive Dally interview, says, "Listen youse mugs, if dat Carnary last tree rounds, so help me, I'll eat da mug's pants offa him right after de fight."

LONELY GULCH, ARIZONA—A slight earthquake was reported today in the vicinity of John L. Sullivan's grave.

MONTREAL—Professor Stephen Leacock, well-known humorist, was found last night in a half-frozen condition at the end of a long line-up at the Forum hockey rink.

Artificial Bloom
Investigated With
Psychic Models

By Exchange Service, Nincompoo, Iowa, April 1st, 1934.—According to a survey made at the Iowa Staple College, the coeds are favoring a thicker application of lipstick prior to nine o'clocks. Research by the Dept. of Sociology indicates than additional 1/500th stratum on the nether lip enhances the color intensity by 3.1416

per cent, thus engendering a circle of circumstances which may lead to greater attention on the part of the other students and the prof. The report does not state to what the additional attention is paid.

Of the 300 odd coeds, 40 per cent are independent of stipends from home, being able to support their dependents out of their earnings from athletic scholarships. Fifty per cent write home regularly every week, five per cent make the boy friend at home believe she is still true; other remaining five per cent are pretty.

Male studies in the neighboring state college have sent a protest in to Iowa Staple that is signed by 78 per cent of the students. (Note, that the remaining 22 per cent live at home).

The protocol reads: "We the majority of the undergrads of this Varsity do hereby submit that we prefer candy with paper peeled off." A package of Kleenex (adv) was enclosed as a piece offering.

Prof. B. Titenque—Racy head of the new Rological Penitentiary in Wawapiwa Wis. in commenting upon the results of the survey, was emphatic in his condemnation of the modern tendency towards specialization. "In the good old day," he said, "things different." And beyond this deeply stirring remark he refused to say anything.

(Ed Note. Stock market reports indicate that heavy buying of the stock of International Face Adornment Consolidated created a wolfish market. Activities centres about the Madison Wis. Exchange.)

for, I forget his name, but Nick, here wants to convince him that crime don't pay.

I'm rather afraid that this epistle will act as an unpleasant anti-climax, but at any rate, I still have a little veneration for my duty. By the way did I tell you about that New Yorker proprietor of second hand Emmiline? He's here too, and is he in a fix. He has to drive around in a flaming model-T Ford, which has a perforated gas tank, and a filling station with a charge account follows him around. Boy, is his face red! And to add insult to injury, he has to use Ethyls.

I didn't think that would interest you much, but it's kind of strange to see so many of one's college mates around. It makes me feel at home. Only I hear that entrance requirements are going to be raised. So if you expect to join me, you'll have to sweat to make it.

Lovingly,
Panny McFunnysface.

P.S.—They have decided to keep the ex-featur ed here... Can't understand why.—P.M.

New Table Of
Logarithms

Standings in Old Country football leagues:

ENGLISH LEAGUE		P. W. L. D. F. A. F.	
FIRST DIVISION			
Arsenal	32 15 7	7 54 35 43	
Huddersfield	32 17 0	9 71 45 43	
Derby C.	33 13 8	10 58 34 40	
Tottenham	32 17 11	6 59 42 40	
Sheff'ld W.	31 14 12	9 51 52 36	
Portsmouth	32 12 9	1 41 38 35	
Manchester C.	32 13 10	9 47 53 35	
Blackburn	31 15 14	5 60 08 35	
Sunderland	32 12 1	10 63 43 34	
Stoke City	32 13 13	7 45 55 33	
Leeds U.	32 13 12	9 53 48 32	
W. Bromwich	34 12 14	3 55 55 32	
Everton	32 10 12	47 48 32	
Leicester C.	30 11 10	9 46 41 31	
Middlesbrough	33 13 15	5 56 07 31	
Wolverhampton	33 11 13	9 62 32 31	
Newcastle U.	33 9 13	11 55 60 29	
Aston Villa	33 11 16	6 00 04 28	
Liverpool	34 10 16	8 41 70 28	
Sheff'ld U.	34 10 18	6 51 06 28	
Birmingham	33 7 15	11 33 41 28	
Chelsea	32 8 17	7 46 57 28	
SECOND DIVISION		P. W. L. D. F. A. F.	
Grimsby T.	33 22 8	3 30 46 47	
Brentford	32 17 10	6 68 50 40	
Bolton W.	33 18 12	3 64 49 40	
Preston N. E.	32 16 11	6 58 43 38	
Port Vale	32 16 11	6 49 45 38	
Blackpool	33 13 10	10 49 43 38	
Blackburn	32 17 13	2 68 59 36	
Bradford C.	33 15 14	4 62 55 34	
West Ham	33 12 11	10 62 58 34	
Plymouth A.	32 16 11	10 60 60 34	
Bury	34 13 13	8 56 02 34	
Oldham A.	33 13 13	7 55 54 33	
Fulham	33 13 13	7 39 48 33	
Hull City	33 10 11	12 46 51 32	
Burnley	32 16 11	6 42 57 32	
Notre Forest	33 12 14	7 59 54 31	
Southampton	32 11 14	7 39 39 29	
Notre County	33 9 15	9 46 54 27	
Stranraer T.	33 7 14	12 43 53 26	
Millwall	32 8 14	10 32 53 26	
Manchester U.	33 11 9	3 50 79 25	
Lincoln C.	33 7 20	6 33 58 20	

ESSAYS
TYPED

Work called for and delivered.

Rates Reasonable

HA. 5494

MA. 0347

Cor. Milton and Park

Rainbow Sweets

We Serve Meals

.25 — .30 — .35 — .40

Ask for John — Serves with a Smile

Only the Best Food
Served in Our Tea-Room
WE DELIVER PHONE ORDERS PROMPTLY

"McGILL
HANDBOOK"

1934-35

The names of the Executive Officers of the following clubs and societies must be handed in to Miss Hasley

NOW

if they are to be included in the Handbook.

- C. O. T. C.
- Cercle Francais
- Chemical Society
- Chess Club
- Concert Orchestra
- Debating Union Society
- Delta Sigma Society
- Diocesan College Review
- Electrical Club
- English Literature Society
- Evangelical Christian Union
- Freshman-Sophomore Debating League
- Glee Club
- German Club
- Historical Club
- House of Commons Club
- Labour Club
- Law Society
- League of Nations Club
- La Societe Francaise
- Light Aeroplane Club
- Musical Association
- Mechanical Club
- Masonic Club
- Music Club of R. V. C.
- Newman Club
- Newfoundland Club
- Oiler Society
- Operatic & Choral Society
- Outdoor Rifle Association
- Players' Club
- Political Economy Club
- Radio Association
- Rifle Association
- Scarlet Key Society
- Sociological Society
- Arts Undergraduates' Society
- Architectural Undergraduates' Society
- Commercial Undergraduates' Society
- Dental Undergraduates' Society
- Engineering Undergraduates' Society
- Law Undergraduates' Society
- Medical Undergraduates' Society
- M. S. P. E. Undergraduates' Society
- Theological Undergraduates' Society

Menus Today

At The
UNION

LUNCH
35c

- Scotch Broth
- Roast Leg of Pork
- Pot Roast with Onions
- Fricassee of Veal
- Farmer Sausage
- Roast Potatoes
- Mashed Potatoes
- Creamed Celery
- Mashed Turnips
- Chocolate Eclair
- Banana Short Cake
- Apple Pie
- Butterscotch Pie
- Sliced Bananas
- Ice Cream
- Tea
- Coffee
- Milk

DINNER
35c

- Cream of Celery Soup
- Roast Leg of Lamb with Mint Sauce
- Minute Steak
- Liver and Bacon
- Jelly Omelette
- Boiled Potatoes
- Mashed Potatoes
- Wax Beans
- Glaced Carrots
- Banana Short Cake
- Chocolate Roll
- Blueberry Tart
- Apple and Raisin Pie
- Sliced Orange
- Ice Cream
- Tea
- Coffee
- Milk